

I said it now and now and to be fair, I said it many times some time ago, now I mean it just not like before. No more absurdities in any form or color or shape or in any degree, one more mistake and you are not part of my family anymore. That was the brief speech by sir mike to his notorious boys. His speeches are not impressive but he manages to put his message to his boys in a feracious manner he could. So, he was at the center of his vast compound in front of his old and wretched hut house, giving his usual angry speeches. It has certainly occurred to him many times. He felt anytime his children blatantly refuses to listen to his well thought advice,

he had to give an angry speech but time and time has proven that he is not tough enough to handle his children properly. He hates hurting them physically and his only appeal was through feracious speeches. But it does not help in anyway. They always seemed to be hardened by his boring speeches. So, it was the usual way of solving an old problem of which the usual way has clearly failed to solve. Yell and yell till you could do it anymore. He called them after he came from farm. He looked tired but well composed.

such that only observant being would see through his pretentious act of hiding his fatigue. He walked straight to his room to put his cutlass under the bed. Then he walked angrily to where his boys lay their heads. They were not there. He called for the youngest among his boys and sent him on errand to call them home. They did so after six hours. They were busily playing football on the muddy pitch. They loved football and they would not miss the chance to play at the expense or necessity of anything. That their reason for not going top farm. This causes outrage among them and his dad who always takes things to the extreme. As far as they could remember, he has unintentionally hurt each among his notorious boys. One got hurt by the throw of hot water and the other got a cut by the throw of a firewood and the third got a cut by the throw of a stone. He was more like a lunatic father for the sake of his boys. For him, he had no option other than that. So, there they were standing right in front of him. Another day to solve an unsolvable problem. He is having a difficulty in training them to be right. He always seems to blame himself for that because he had his first chance but blew it. And that was when they were little. He could have spent more time and talked to them

about the rights and wrongs of life. But he was too busy then, he

guessed. Now the problem seems to be weighing down on him. Or sometimes he thought if sweettalking did not work, he could have punched them right in the face and the fear of him would have much bigger by now. All these lunatic extreme actions of anger seem like a blow to the side of an elephant. Now the children came sitting on the wooden bench staring at swollen face. That was not caused by physical coercion but that of anger. He kept his straight face on and he never seem to lose control of it. He was waiting for their mum and as soon as their mum entered, he was ready to give his speech. His first words were the beginning statement this story. He had had enough and he was to go a bit further. But down in his heart, he knew he was lying. They were stubborn but they were the most precious among his possessions. He looked at them and he beamed with smiles. When he was at their age, he was a farm boy who had never set his foot in school. His dad never made the effort to send him to school. He could remember vividly in his mind that his mum kneeling in front of her husband to send their only kid to school. Such a pity. He would say it to himself anytime it comes to mind. And

the funny thing was that he would play down her appeal to send him to school. His reason was that I was young and he had no money. He could have given the

same reason to his kids but he sent them to school. His dad was a complete waste. He did nothing for his wife, children, others and himself. He had no business in taking life seriously. But he never failed to take one thing serious in life and that was drinking. He lost count the number of times he had to carry his dad. He would always drink himself to death because they would come and pick him up. But in all his dad's miserable life taught him a great lesson. And that was to take care of his children no matter what. He had to make it a duty and not a choice to make it happen. That's the source of his strength to work hard every day for his kids. He had to beat his dad in all departments of life and to him is the easiest challenge. But his dad had few challenges dealing with his kids unlike him. His dad gave birth to three children and he succeeded in putting fear in all of them. He and his siblings never dared to disobey his words. He could mash you in a pot or probably butcher you into pieces. He never went that far but his anger suggested he could more than that if agitated. So, his dad had three children and they brought him

no troubles plus he had no responsibility. He was a free man. Him on the contrary, have seven children and he's got constant troubles from the three oldest among them plus he is responsible for their upkeep.

When the going gets tough, he wonders if his dad was smart or foolish. But he comes back to his stand and answers like he has ever known as a child. His dad was foolish and he would never be like him. But his dad had more advantage to his belt. He was a nonchalant man. He was that kind of man who would be so careless that someone would lose his life through his carelessness before he would come back to his senses. This attitude of him taking life for granted and he never cared about essentials of life like good home, health, sense of belonging and sense of duty. Those were certainly not his worries. He knew that education was good for them. At least he had been a victim of not being in school when he was little. Sometimes he would feel chatty and have a long conversation about his childhood. He would tell his children that he would have been in a better position had he been put in school. Speaking to them about that felt emotional and it would signal to their mind that his dad was about to do something. But he never did

after giving such a revolution speech. He would go back to his unscrupulous normal routine. That was his level of absurdity. But he was not like his dad and that's why he does everything in his power to put his children in school. Taking care of his children has made them miserable but he does not care. Sometimes

he had to go to bed hungry to make sure his children get something to eat. No money left to buy colorful dress or fancy things. His children well-being was important than those things. So, he is a caring man whilst his dad never did care and he took great pride in it. Every memory about his dad were terrible. I think he has nothing good to say about his dad. Perhaps he thought him his trade. He thought him how to farm and do palm wine tapping. But circumstances had given him no choices than to learn that miserable trade. A job or a skill that you can't take pride in it is no work. Nobody cares much about your work and nobody cares much to demand people to put reverence on the work. But sometimes he wants to talk himself out of this mindset and tries to say something to soothe himself. He would say that he puts people to sleep. He will say something like that and he will do that with much pride. You know we let you sleep on your

problems. He would chip in this when having a conversation with his friends. We had a plan in mind to chip in that to remind them how important his job is to the community. So, he resents his dad for making an ordinary man. He believed he could have been a doctor or a teacher of which he could have been respected irrespective of any of them he would ended up with. He would have loved to have such a

profession to be great, have a great pool of friends or have people to meet and have a chat with him. But he knew many years ago that it was too late for him. His only hope had been to give his children what he never had. But it's been very difficult for him. The three among seven of them have been a hell for him. Why can't they realize that they are privileged to have a caring dad. He never had that. But his kids are not taking advantage of it and it is causing great pain. He sometimes wants to abandon them and pay attention to those who listen to him. But then he would come back to his old oath. Is not he behaving like his dad? He would not abandon them for the sake of behaving like his dad. That has been his

threshold in dealing with his kids. At the meeting were his two friends, his wife and his seven children. He called the youngest to pray. His name is Evans. He is lovely at his age. He stood up and offered his prayer. Lord Jesus, let this meeting be successful in your name Amen. During a normal conversation, it would cause an outburst but this meeting was different. Everyone kept a straight face. He was annoyed but surprisingly slowed down after few minutes. Maybe he read the faces of his boys and realized that they had change their faces. He realized that they were getting it wrong. He was doing it for their sake and not to worry or disturb them

peace. So, he realized that and he decided to do it differently. Listen, I'm your father who seeks for nothing but the best for all of you. I have no desire to be better or acquire anything for myself. It's not that I have no ambition but I put your well-being above everything. I don't want it to interfere with anything. I work very hard because of you. I live because of you. I have decided to sit you down and talk to you about this issue and I will not talk about it again. If you don't heed to my

words, I can't help than throw you out and keep the obedient ones with me. I'm ready to help everyone to succeed but if you are not willing to help yourself, I can't help you either. He spoke in a low tone like never before and everyone was listening like never before. He paused for a brief moment and cleared his throat. He looked at their faces and continued with his speech. You see I have been a child like you and now I am an old man with gray hair. You have a whole life ahead of you and you can't afford to live anyhow by ignoring my advice. Life is give and take affair. You can only get what you give. When you live anyhow and disrespect the principles in life, you will miss out on good things. I am privileged enough to live to see my sixties. And I have met a lot of people. The good ones and the bad guys. Some were close and I observed others from afar. Its easy to know if a man will amount

to anything. Such prediction or fore knowledge don't come to you as a magician. Anyone who appreciates the difference between good and bad will know. We were about ten friends growing up. W all like to play and have fun. Among us were three boys who were exceptional in school. Four of us had never been in school and three boys who were fortunate

to be in school, but were very stubborn. They were fond of stealing and fighting. They were the trouble makers among their school mates and they were known because of that. They received advice from any concerned individual but they never listened. You know what happened to them. Let me tell you. One day, a farmer who had been complaining of theft on his potato farms shot them and none survived. After school, they decided to go to the farm and steal from the man. This time the man purposefully did not leave earlier like he usually does. He saw the boys in the act and shot them out of frustration. But the run after he realized there was a mob up against him. He run and left his family. So, you see how doing good things is essential in a man's life. Without good deeds, a man is always bound to be into trouble. A fresh air blew around the whole compound accompanied by dirt. Chickens were making their annoying sounds and it was getting

dark. The whole compound was quite except the noise from the chickens and the birds. The sky looked cloudy. Everything looked like it was about to rain. There was a short pause. He cleared his throat, looked at their faces and stared upward a bit as if he was looking for something to say. His silence lingered

**on for a while then, he cleared his throat
again and begun to speak.s**